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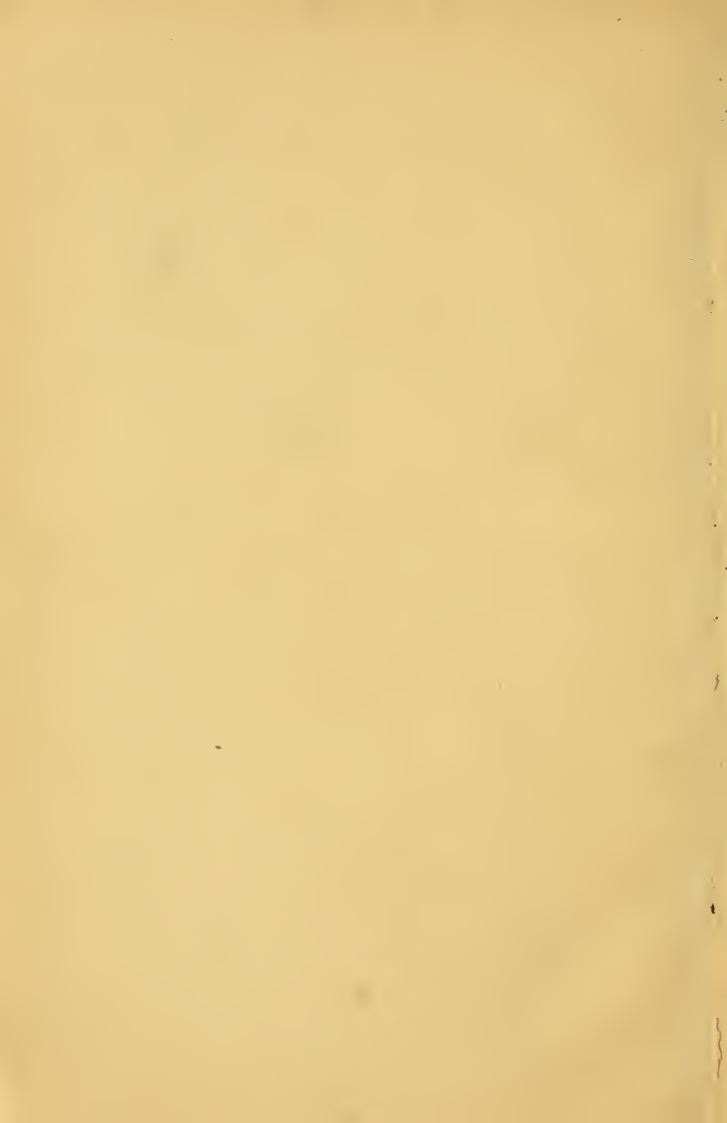
VILLAGE SOUVENIR

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



VILLAGE SOUVENIR,

— AND OTHER —

POEMS.

— BY —

REV. WM. H. PHIPPS.



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VILLAGE SOUVENIR AND OTHER POEMS.

AMITY ANNALS.

Amity, a small but ancient village,
Stands on a hill surrounded by good tillage;
Its scope takes in extensive hills and plains,
Quite fertile with all the various grains;
Pastures will meet the eye wher'er you gaze,
Covered with flocks which in contentm't graze,
And in the evening ev'ry sheep-cot's full.
In shearing time great is the crop of wool
Of finest grade.

Since rebellion, in the state, for whiskey,
Each money-making farmer has been frisky;
Although conscience often made him squirm,
He found profit in the whiskey worm.
'Twas when the preachers took a social glass
The decanter round the room would pass;
Saw English cannon who thought it not a sin
To ask a blessing o'er a bottle of gin,
That shocked us much.

The perfume was a scent for all the food;
We Americans were not in pious mood;
Never prayed for product of the still;
Had fought it long with a determined will.
'Twas then our farmers, with their corn and
rye,
Brought to distillers a full supply.
And when plenty crowned the harvest morn,
The still obtained the Indian corn—
The bane of man.

A faithful record of these hills and vales,
Recalls to mind valued historic tales.
Farms, the abode of comfort and of thrift,
Are seen at every point their grandeur lift.
'Tis long since we could recount their staples
Of wool, corn, and sugar from the maples.
More anxious was the farmer for the fleece
Than screeching wagon for the axle grease
On the dry hub.

The ten-mile creek, which wends its crooked
way,
'Mid verdant hills, whose mighty crops of hay,
From year to year, adorn their space with
stacks,

For barn-room the thrifty farmer lacks.
The creek quite rich in several kinds of fish,
Its bass and trout oft yield a dainty dish.
Socially the anglers' lips may pucker
Who gets gum-drops, the other a fish-sucker,
The first the best.

Small animals are found upon its banks—
Rabbit, squirrel and muskrat swell the ranks.
Beaver, with Indian, passed away,
And others in the creek no longer play.
Let painter stand on bank with easel,
Paint them all, sure of the weasel,
The land and the amphibious tribes,
Nature's work appears, from pencil, free from
bribes
That men may give.

If parson sought fleece in by-gone days,
'Twas but the meager ones that met his gaze.
Unlike Gideon, he had no second test,
With fleece wet or dry, his family were blest.
Sad fact, both earth and fleece were often dry,
And prayer brought no manna from the sky.
Bread and water were always sure;
As good soldiers, harships endure
In camp or field.

Like poor laborers at hedge or ditch,
Or Goldsmith's village parson, very rich;
With salary of forty pounds a year,
Or larger, only sixty pounds appear.
Family may be four persons and a pony,
Which makes the financial way look stony;
As in the Saviour's day, each got his penny;
It would buy much, but grumblers were many,
Yet all lived well.

High in rank stood the Presbyterian parsonage,
New, like an infant in its early age,
'Twas then occupied by Bro. Harbison,
Pleading all things by the decrees were done;
Nor thought they once to change confession,
Or dare speak of it in church or session.
Those were days of sterling orthodoxy;
Heresy was like Herod, mean and foxy,
To be shunned.

But on our second visit to that charge,
To occupy, came invitation free and large,
And moderate rent—an offer gladly seized;
Against Methodists all were then appeased.
In that summer company went to war,
And many a social prospect felt the jar;

A mar to all the plans of church and home ;
For freedom's sake o'er southern roads they
 roam

With stars and stripes.

About that day arrives at parsonage
One to make record in a coming age ;
Who now signs checks for a great, ruling firm :
Greatness has fruit—at first 'tis bud or germ ;
The world stands ready any to applaud
Who gain position by valor, industry or fraud ;
Earth in loud chorus swells the great well
 done,

And tempest wafts it high toward the sun,
 God may be there.

The minister is not there, but labors on
For God and man, that they may both be one,
In hopeful view of building up the cause,
Yet tempting bribes would still suggest a
 pause.

True to history is the confession,
Law tempted as lucrative profession ;
Yet the ministry held in its embrace,
Men who for gain could not their steps retrace,
 Or earthly fame.

'Tis five and thirty years since our first view
Of Amity, when to a door we drew;
A tall form met us, well advanced in years,
And dissipated all our anxious fears.
There were noble men in those early times,
And none more so than brother Immes;
A friend and counselor in time of need,
For a young minister was apt to plead
For his mistakes.

Soon we saw the fun'ral of a pastor;
The form was thin and looked like alabaster.
A long life—o'er ninety years—a ripe age;
His life is worthy of historic page.
For seventy years had borne the shepherd's
crook,
Proclaiming truth from God's most sacred
book.
A large concourse respects the man of God—
For beloved by all was pastor Dodd
For deeds of love.

The annals of the Presbyterian's search,
Can't find more faithful one in all the church.
The warriors must all lay down their well
worn shields,

And others will soon occupy the fields.
At the sale of his choice, olden books,
We scanned them o'er with critical looks;
Obtained some from near reformation days,
And they've received our study and our praise,
And blessings were.

In his time Spaulding chose a pastime work,
'Twas not to write up the wicked harem of
the Turk,
Nor little thought the mischief he would make,
Shaking society with a great earthquake,
By bringing back old patriarchal times,
With all their ignorance and social crimes;
Was lost like Cath'lies, in their breviaries—
Could not see outcome of his reveries
To curse the world.

No, he was innocent in the design;
Ne'er thought faith and morals to undermine.
How different from the truth he taught,
His work of fiction on the world has wrought;
In quiet cemetery he reposes,
While Mormon church the wicked plan dis-
closes,
Proving to men the great calamity
(2)

From literary child of Amity,
A strange novel.

Historians from afar oft seek the tomb;
With vigor write as for the Mormon's doom;
The unfortunate grave received no care,
The flat stone slab has suffered by the wear
Of winter's frosts and summer's constant
rains:

It cannot now be read with greatest pains.
When first we saw the name, could easily
trace

The inscription which time since did erase,
We would restore.

The aphorism that "ignorance is bliss,"
For Spaulding proved not itself in this,
Because it gives to him a doubtful fame,
But innocence defends him from all blame.
At fancy's table offering votive,
Can't condemn him for lack of motive.
The Spaulding house—that ancient corner
frame—

Comes down to us with a romantic fame,
By men of note.

There, preacher wrote many a strange vision,
'Theories entitled to derision,
'That he clothed in olden scripture phrases,
Like tree, Indian or woodman grazes,
'To allure travelers in a wrong path,
Were not inspired by their cunning wrath;
'They were dictates of fancy's magic spell,
Hoping romance might interest and sell
For his support.

'Twas when the village bore an ancient look—
Since then it has more modern aspect took;
Now seems as it were new created—
Houses built and old ones renovated;
Lost the appearance old and quaint—
'Twas taken from it by repairs and paint.
When we saw it back in fifty-eight,
It was gloomy—in dilapidated plight,
And houses few.

Nor was there yet a lower Amity—
Monied men were fearful of calamity;
Offered no loans to build the village,
Lest such should end in fiscal pillage.
When gold and silver came from their chests,
The farmer alone in judgment notes invests;

Keener than the city barber's razor,
Would take land and cattle from the grazer,
To his last suit.

'Tis not the work of Michel Angelo
On which our thoughts we now bestow;
Travelers may not think upon the cluster;
To compare them may appear but bluster.
Yet there's one house of stone and one of
frame—

It was from thence the book of Mormon came;
The latter is entitled to some note,
But Mormon confidence will not promote,
Denied the plates.

There Spaulding lived when he wrote the
book,

By Pittsburgh printer taken from the hook;
Rigdon, they say, conceived the scheme,
And made the book a prophet's theme,
And passes it on to the famous prophet—
Better have burnt it in valley of Tophet.

Romance—reveries of Israel's tribes—

Mormons believe through ignorance or bribes,
Or baser trust.

In blasphemy they called it work of God,
Brigham, successor in his footsteps trod,
Throwing the ignorant into confusion—
Breaking domestic peace by delusion.
Noted robbers in their greatest pillage
Injured not like romance of this village,
For it destroyed chastity and home,
Teaching men in unforbidden paths to roam
Away from God.

They said were found by Smith on copper
plates—
God's revelation of most ancient dates.
Mr. Spaulding was in very feeble health;
Wrote book for pleasure—not for fame or
wealth.
Mr. Miller, we've seen, lived to recent date;
He heard the manuscript, he would relate;
Remember'd well its striking features;
Told how God had dealt with erring creatures,
As the lost tribes.

He never claimed it was a book divine,
Like Joseph Smith; a new discovered mine
Of hidden plates, and treasures in the ground;
How Israel's ten tribes at last were found,

Aborigines of our own continent;
For a delusion he did not invent.
But cunning men saw profit in the theme,
And made a prophet to bear out the scheme
To profit them.

Sentences in book of Mormon, so old,
Fresh in his memory, were often told,
And we expected to enjoy the tale,
But put it off, until he pass'd the vale.
One lesson more upon procrastination—
Work to-day in lawful avocation;
As business men seize ev'ry opening chance
Their personal interests to enhance,
Gaining lucre.

Think how different was the early scene:
Some stand, others 'gainst the old porch lean,
Attentive list'ners to this book of chance,
Of the wandering tribes a queer romance.
Then think of crowd in temple at Salt Lake,
Listening in reverence for the prophet's sake;
Divinely sent they think their Joseph Smith,
When only superstition's sacred myth—
Bane of the age.

What can we say of this strange combination,
On land of promise and the tribe's salvation;
In blasyhemy, they called it work of God;
Brigham's successor in his footsteps trod,
Throwing the ignorant into confusion,
Breaking domestic peace by their delusion.
Noted robbers, in their great pillage,
• Injured not like romance of this village—
A work so bad.

In work, Spaulding was an innocent factor—
Made way for America's great actor;
And Smith soon fell a victim to the mob,
In prison, with his life, gave up the job.
Soon came Young, a man of ruling power—
A Moses to them in their darkest hour,
To lead them through wilderness to rest;
From enemies who on their footsteps press'd,
Because of sin.

But let us now describe this noted house:
'Tis plain, like farmer in his jeans and blouse,
For rain and sun have made it crack and warp;
Winds have played it as an æolian harp.
The roof has oft received new shingles,
Money supplied from where silver gingles;

Out of the farmer-broker's chests,
At eight per cent. he willingly invests;
Ten is better.

The only question, "is he a good man?"
Interrogation for many a plan,
A query at the entrance to the church,
Important one that bank officials search,
To know his assets, their breadth and length;
Pastors seek moral character—its strength;
To turn from paths of sin, so often trod,
And scope for service in the church of God,
All his talent.

The pugilist seeks men to take the ring;
Physically the very best they bring.
Army, by its strong men, alone can thrive,
Under eighteen nor over forty-five.
Goodness may be in character or blood,
All who for God, and humanity have stood;
Yes, the men who in the passing ages
Have blessed society—the sages—
With precepts true.

Who by their writings show a better life,
Giving force to conquer in the world's strife.

We forget the house in moralizing,
A fault in preacher not much surprising.
This famous building is two stories high:
No architectual forms to it apply.
'Tis changed in color by the faded paint,
Like weary traveler, is soiled and faint,
And ragged, too.

On the wide front the old style weather-board,
And the rear, clap-board only can afford.
One room, once occupied by secret lodge,
Yes, Odd or not, it's goat we now will dodge.
Another by Crispian, of size and fame,
In the village a well remembered name.
Taking for all a kindly word of news,
Drawing, like wax-end, in his well made shoes,
Upper and sole.

His mental powers were almost equal
To his size, as you may learn in sequel:
He was not a man renowned for letters,
Yet original, he knew no fetters;
More free than those that occupied the stand,
His flights in exhortation were so grand;
The sentences came free—he did not mutter—
There was a mighty power with Bro. Clutter,
(3) Sublime and grand.

One exhortation is memory's survival,
Comes from eighteen-fifty-nine revival;
“Glory to God,” with a triumphant voice,
Called the people, with angels, to rejoice;
Sinners were fleeing from the judgment rod,
And seeking safety in the arms of God;
For on salvation they were fully bent,
And broken hearts to penitence gave vent,
Asking mercy.

Eleven persons knelt at the mourner's bench,
The spirit in their hearts they would not
quench;
Then church was filled with hallowed fire;
Sinners were lifted from the clay and mire,
Placing their feet upon the solid rock,
They came to the shepherd and his flock;
'Twas by struggling out of darkness into light,
That satan was vanquished in this flight—
Glory to God.

That night there came a gracious dower,
God was present in converting power;
Souls were into the kingdom born
On that day of grace, with glorious morn,
Whose skies were bright with sun-rise glory

From the Son of Righteousness; the story
Is for all the world; who worship this sun
Do not, like Magia, into idolatry run,
But worship God.

Sadness and joy we mingle with these scenes,
As reminiscences of war, one gleans;
In narrative we are apt to falter,
As we think of those kneeling at the altar;
Penitents in agony of prayer,
Like publican in mercy, they might share
From heaven, God's justifying grace;
As good soldiers, run the christian race,
And gain the crown.

For life, pain seems the order of the earth,
So sin exacts it in the christian birth;
Not with regrets, that they were there in sorrow,
Knowing they found peace upon the morrow;
But retrospecting at this distant day,
Think of many death has called away;
Men in early prime, life to country gave,
In peril's hour, its liberty to save,
A noble gift.

Some with fever from Appomatox swamps,
Returned to die at home, far from the camps,
Where miasma rested, a heavy pall,
And death's sickle made the bravest fall.
We recall a victim—Bro. Hathaway—
Other names from memory fade away;
Our friend, the captain, once the village
teacher;
His worth was known by his former preacher,
Who lov'd him much.

Who little thought when he was delegate,
That at this late day we should these truths
relate,
Or we might ever be village annalist,
Or in the requiem our friends assist;
Obeying the scripture's kind injunction,
Our weeping joined with pastoral function,
And weep in tenderness with those that weep:
Kindred for the dead constant vigil keep,
Mingled with tears.

The friends who left us in our early days,
Upon their manly forms no more shall gaze;
We've tablets on these human hearts of flesh,
Where noble men and deeds are always fresh;

We'll recall such memories where'er we roam,
As welcome guests so often at his home;
Remember many others in that church
Who died for country—in vain the search
For nobler men.

Or unknown graves of men who bravely fell,
No marble column does their valor tell;
And plow and time may level down the mound,
But worth and glory are not in the ground,
For they live on freedom's vernal pages,
Precious heritage of all the ages;
On liberty's pillar are their graces;
Friend or foe find not their resting places,
Like Moses' grave.

But tablets on many sorrowing hearts,
Graven deep—bereavements keenest darts.
Both churches gave of their noble and young
For freedom alone, they pass them along,
In great numbers—'twere no swall iotas—
Families sent far more than their quotas.
Some came in trios, and some in quartettes,
Offering, free, without any regrets,
To save the land.

Gleaning entire neighborhood and village,
Sweeping like an army, in its pillage;
Leaving women, children, and the feeble,
And some secret foes, not so agreeable;
On retarding the cause, entirely bent,
Their feeble efforts all in vain were spent.
Patriotism dwelt in hearts commodious,
Made treason of little souls seem odious—
Blackest than night.

On this decoration day of nine-one,
Adorn graves of the brave that are gone;
With posies from stems of bright annuals,
Reading service from Grand Army manuals.
Orations burning with patriotic fires,
Are just tributes to comrades, friends and
sires;
Yearly work, stones on monument we pile,
To drive away treason, to show its guile,
Poison of snake.

To this new and peaceful generation,
And keep alive heroic veneration;
For all those who conquered us, this peace
With all our blessings, should our love in-
crease,

In gratitude to men who bore the strife,
And bared their breast to save the nation's life.
Our thoughts are more chaste, because of
 sadness,
For amid the gloom are beams of gladness,
 And songs of praise.

For the country saved, and bondmen made
 free,
And for these graves, sacred to liberty,
Where each soldier, in silence reposes,
Shall be crowned with the fragrance of roses;
Though tears may bathe them, like dew from
 heaven,
To God and country were freely given,
In the hour of the nation's greatest need,
When threat'ning dangers loudly plead,
 They quickly come.

'Tis a grand uprising of the people,
Sweeter than music from the chimes of
 steeple;
Sounds rise like flight of eagle or balloon,
An universal patriotic boon;
From every village and inland station,
Ascends the cry, " we'll save the nation

From secession," and all their well laid plots
Shall only end in smoke, by cannon shots
From willing hands.

And why are people making such ado—
Will they fight like Australitz or Waterloo?
Make battles to 'grave on the page of fame?
Yes, Gettysburg well deserves undying name;
Battles of Wilderness and Fair Oaks,
Pounding the hub to break the wagon spokes
Of treason's commissary of supplies,
That out of the debris caged eagle rise,
Screaming pardon.

The momentous hour comes to us all,
With grief villagers hear the last roll-call;
Then up the main street see company ascend;
Our voices in the great huzzas we blend.
Drained of her men—a war calamity—
Cheers followed through the streets of Amity,
From relatives and friends they left behind;
To some the last farewell that came to mind,
Whose echo sounded.

On battle-field or in the hospital,
Free from sound of drum or reville call;
O, for language as beautiful and terse

As poet finds to change prose into verse.
“The story of the village volunteers,”
Read by the boys in camp, those dark years;
Not for its merits, but kind reminders,
With value in sheaves, not the binders—
Only straw knots.

Those men had often been the harvest-hands
On fields around the village—tied the bands
Round ripened grain on independence day;
At night would meet the girls, festive and gay,
But now are gone to meet the butternuts;
To deal with balls, bayonets, or musket butts;
How different from maiden's smiling face
Are clashing arms, and war's unkind embrace,
Or clasp of beaux.

Then there were burning tears that fell—
huzzas

Louder than the sobs; drum and fife, gew-gaws
Of war, like Hindoo noise at funeral pyres,
To drown the screams from blazing fires,
Like Baal-worship, calling on its god,
Or Jaggernaut pilgrims, falt'ring, who trod
In front, to move along the idol car;
Motives unlike, but fate was on a par
(4) With sorrow's pall.

From thence, now lonely was the village street,
When forms familiar you no longer meet;
On countenances that were once cheerful,
Clouds are seen, like rising tempest, fearful;
A darkness thick, because of great suspense;
The front is ever uppermost—from thence
Alone can come the cheering news to bless
The safety of the loved—those fears repress
Of aching hearts.

But war makes many a funeral dirge,
Whose moans are sadder than the ocean surge,
Breaking its billows on the rocky shore,
Their loud requiem mingles with the roar.
Even war may have some compensation—
To future good can stand in strange relation.
History says great blessings came through
blood—

The Britons for the Magna Charta stood
Against King John.

Slavery, that strikes like a sunstroke,
Will torment and kill us by its galling yoke;
While led by bugle-sound, drum and cornets,
They've crushed the nest of stinging hornets;
Trampled on copperhead and broke its sting,

And we in safety will their praises sing ;
Should teach our children to prolong the lyre ;
Baptize our sons with patriotic fire—

They will be safe.

School-books should record their noble deeds ;
In heroic acts the Spartan scarce exceeds.
Not a sectional or bigot libel
Should exclude it like the precious bible.
Israel to their children should rehearse
Their fathers' warlike deeds in prose or verse,
Like eagle eye, that meets the blaze of day,
Bearing its young through either blue or gray ;
So teach your young.

Days passed on before those dismal clouds—
Made of the blue, those hasty winding shrouds.
O, how the wife longed for the letters,
And sweetheart from cupid's golden fetters ;
Wife—a consort by hymenean chains—
We pity both in their pathetic strains ;
As Pompeian girls, weeping o'er their jewels,
Escaped themselves—love has no renewals
With lover lost.

Widows have gone where there is no weeping;
Others 'neath the willow's keeping.
Many years have passed—hearts do not falter;
From year to year they beautify the altar.
Call up those forms, to memory dear,
More beautiful than in photographs appear;
To us more precious than was Jonah's gourd,
Their work more ample shelter will afford
From tyranny.

Tyranny, like some mighty river gorge,
Would sweep liberty away. Valley Forge
Speaks well—Union work of noble bands—
Americans, and men from foreign lands;
The rank and file that freed four million
slaves—

A lasting monument to all the braves.
Fame, like mountain streams, flow down the
ages,
A beacon light to patriot sages
Upon their path.

O, for that time when the lion and the lamb
Shall live in peace. The great I Am
Has promised to the world an age of rest,
When by the Prince of Peace all shall be
blest;

And men shall beat swords into plow-shares,
Spears to pruning-hooks, with war-like cares
Laid by, no longer to shed each other's blood;
Then shall Sharon's rose in blossom and in bud
Give sweet perfume.

But we dwell not in the millennium day—
We often are in dreadful war-array;
We're bound with sin and evil to contend,
Until victory crowns our pilgrim end.
We trust that those in memory's review,
Who to rescue in hour of danger flew,
Up there are 'neath a greater Captain's care,
And do with him salvation's glory share,
Near by the throne.

VILLAGE VOLUNTEERS.

Travelers think the village mean—
No glory by its people seen;
Gray by the touch of time; for age,
'Tis worthy of a single page.

No echos from its mossy roof
Respond to tramp of cavalry hoof;
Founded near revolution days,
The oldest men can't tell its praise.

What part it took in eighteen-twelve,
The British, searching, claim to shelve;
That seized our sailors in the ships,
Resistance met with cowhide whips.

Or in war of great dimension,
Made for slavery's extension,
There did Amity strike a blow,
To end the war with Mexico.

Whether in fight with Seminole,
Its names were found upon the roll;
If any rest in the vast glades,
That Florida reptile still invades.

Silent now each agitator—
Slavery dead; alligator
Lives neath the bright Magnolia;
Indian tales fill a folio.

The tale of Indian raid—war whoops—
Or the march of patriot troops—
All are but tame at present day,
When company must march away.

For now you hear the war-horse neigh,
The battery mules still louder bray.
“Fled are the piping times of peace,”
The bird of war has found release.

Yes, bald eagle left its eyre,
His flight is like meteoric fire;
Men in safety fondly dreaming,
Must soon hear the war-bird screaming.

Blood will flow in scarlet gallons—
Deep will sink the eagle's talons—
Carry war o'er highest peak,
Till the peace streamer's in his beak.

But now we see another star,
All peaceful ways give place to war.

Meetings were held to move the ball—
Some obeyed the three-month's call.

Again gave heed to second call,
To save their country from a fall.
By treason's hand, if by their aid,
Rebellion's tide might yet be stayed.

Then the president's third command
Aroused the patriots of the land
To duty—the company yet crude—
Was placed in warlike attitude.

With captain, teacher, and a 'squire,
From these pursuits must now retire ;
The rule, rattan, he soon must yield
And use the sword in battle field.

His well known duty to make peace,
And all the wheels of justice grease.
But he must mount on car of mars,
Defend the flag, maintain the stars.

This is now her greatest epoch,
See corn now in ripened shock,
Gossips need not seek for news,
Facts magnify or yet abuse.

The marriage of the village belle,
Or other peaceful story tell;
But how war has made a rover
Of some true, affianced lover.

News they will no longer lack,
Until the boys in blue come back.
Will news depressing fill the time,
To drape in mourning all our rhyme?

Men have been there, worthy of fame,
Esteemed is ev'ry noble name;
The hamlet has some history,
As well as days of mystery.

Earth's safe deposit jewel case
Will not all worth at sight embrace;
But mercy with its kind renewals,
Garners all the Saviour's jewels.

Some were our sons in gospel grace,
Their noble history we trace,
Kindly we entreated them
To follow star of Bethlehem.

Vehicles are in attendance,
(5) On four more is their dependence.

Many have known little slumber,
Anxious if they'll fill the number.

Dollars, like foot balls, are bounced,
They come, rewards are still announced.
Listen, hear, the whip is smacking,
They will fill the numbers lacking.

Private bounties for remaining two;
A buggy to the rescue flew.
Are you going? Yes, we're going;
Cheers tell the patriot's showing.

Fate of company was sealed
With facts of future unrevealed,
Prophetic eye gave them no pause,
It might have silenced the huzzas.

Could fortune-teller give the facts,
They'd do evil: Satan's acts;
No doubt sweetheart sought her aid,
Yet could not the dark clouds invade.

There are ladies present, so says one,
Who with all cowards now are done;
Will never shake the young man's hand
That does not for his country stand.

A mechanic or a granger,
Who's not true in time of danger,
That sneaks away from this sad strife,
Among us all can find no wife.

Captain calm, with little palor,
Says, consistent with true valor,
I'll do all for them, nor retard:
Their health and morals my regard.

For you will hear our history
With no disgrace; epistolary,
Or by papers of your county,
Your meed of praise is our bounty.

We leave our families in your care,
While to the front we now repair,
Confiding in your friendly love
Till we change eagle for the dove.

With liberty for paraphrase,
On substance of the speech you gaze.
There was many a heaving breast
Which parting sorrow now confest.

Oh, what has cruel war now done?
Has parted lover, husband, son,

From ev'ry earthly, kind embrace,
Dangers of camp and field to face.

And many hearts will bleed at home,
Account would fill a printed tome;
Tears will dry upon the pillows
For distant graves without willows.

Now they've left—solitude reigns there—
Let some kind comforter appear
To heal the wounds that war imparts,
With Gilead's balm for broken hearts.

The lieutenant, a noble fellow
In looks, leaves the kine to bellow;
Lays by the harrow and the plow,
To silence this rebellious row.

The company had oft paraded;
Fresh, by no long journeys jaded;
Taunted "heroes of a muster,"
Yet might be as brave as Custer.

In the hearing of the people
Rang the call from the old steeple;
Like sound of Independence bell,
The theme of liberty to swell.

They gathered in from all around,
Filling the church to utmost bound,
For evening of song and speech,
That would move all within its reach.

Erring ones may feel their foibles,
Yet would prize a gift of bibles,
Such were given at the church,
Exhorting them "the scriptures search."

The years have flown—that same pastor
Would shed tears o'er each disaster;
Knows when we claim the battle gain
Our dearest friends were 'mid the slain.

The small church felt that heavy draft,
Looseing the healthy branch and graft,
Leaving it weak in moral fight,
A sacrifice for moral right.

Time arrives to settle things—
Nights and days the've pulled all strings
To fill the company's number,
Dragging, like strong teams, at lumber.

In northern woods those mighty spars,
One hundred feet toward the stars,

Yield masts for largest naval ships,
Whose greatest bomb o'er billow skips.

To meet on sea the rebel foes,
E'er Erickson Kersage bestows,
That soon ends the rebel bruiser,
And sends dismay to every cruiser.

Thanks to that kind inventor
For his powerful, war-like mentor;
Now liberty has walls of steel
Monitors will make the foeman feel.

Wagonmaker no broken wheel
Awaits—the destiny will feel
Of fortune's wheel; a place in war
Domestic happiness will mar.

The undertaker in scripture
Phrase said, till country is secure
“ I'll let the dead bury the dead,”
While by our standard I am led.

Men who sat at the store door
Ask'd passengers the news—do more:
Are at the front now making news;
Our sympathy we can't refuse.

Fond wishes follow them to war,
While rebel words on feelings jar;
To hear hurrahs when war is over,
By returning husband—lover.

Many will the green sod cover,
O'er which may wave the whitest clover,
Or southern daisies bloom,
And no eye moisten for their doom.

Laid in the grave without one tear,
No wife or mother can appear.
There would be tears could angels weep—
Angels, we're told, kind vigils keep.

Ministering spirits see them not,
Shedding their influence o'er man's lot;
Less'ning each saint's daily sorrow,
Drawing the barb from every morrow.

But unknown tears do freely flow,
The homes of widows sadly know;
Cheeks that lately bloomed with youth
Are bleached by battle's awful truth.

The widow may wear the emblems,
And carry all the mourning gems;

Sweetheart must keep her sorrow dark
And bear on dress no sable mark.

Fanning flames in burning embers,
With like griefs to soldier members;
Then touching hearts with patriot fires;
Those volunteers of sons and sires.

Sad were the partings of that hour,
When eyes were moist as gentle shower;
Many who keenly felt the smart—
Kindred and lovers there to part.

That band as true as Valley Forge,
Were led in song by Uncle George,
E'en then too old to be in draft,
Sails still upon the Zion craft.

Each home and all its furniture
Mementoes always will endure
Of absent ones—each article
Has love on every particle.

Like voice of sea on conch-shell,
On merits of the loved ones dwell;
Like lightning pictures on the trees,
Each object on the soldier seize.

E'er Edison found phonograph,
Chattels received each word and laugh,
Emitting dust of emery
To polish stones of memory.

And lapidary finds a fund
To brighten precious diamond,
For necklace round the throat of queen,
Now in widow drapery seen.

Poet sings memory's pleasures—
They can't join him in his measures
Whose treasures are on battle fields—
Sad the thoughts that memory yields.

Like eagle on Roman banner,
Which looks war in vicious manner,
When our bald eagle spreads its wings
He'll lift lash from the slave it stings.

His flight no new empire obtains,
But 'twill loosen the captive chains;
Free man from being a chattel—
Never to be bought like cattle.

Stronger than earth-works were reared
(6) When we the rebel army feared

Would very soon be at our doors,
By pillage to enrich their stores.

In Pittsburgh were our minds as dark
As smoke clouds o'er each street and
 park;
But faithful were the men in front—
For us they bore the heavy brunt.

By valor kept Confederates back—
Safe was each building—railroad track;
Peaceful our rivers, without gorge—
Brightly burnt fires in mill and forge.

There's a shaft on Monument Hill
Where peaceful soldiers used to drill—
Those Theologs. of other days—
Now column speaks the soldier's praise

Amity rears no lofty marble—
On the trees the songsters warble,
A requiem the master owns;
Echoes return from modest stones.

Oft in our praises of the dead
From worthy living ones are led,

And overlook heroic deeds,
Like waiting poor forget their needs.

After patient waiting, like a lamb,
Gold is paid them by Uncle Sam.
Like Peter, we've no healing power,
But blessings on their heads may shower.

Surviving widows sympathy shall share
For loss and sorrow that they bear;
Some never set aside their weeds,
Mementoes of their husbands' deeds.

The return of sixty-fivers
Places in our midst survivors
Entitled to our highest meed—
Eloquently our love they plead;

Not for the service of one year;
They early in the war appear,
Responsive to the nation's call;
Around them did their comrades fall.

And they received some lasting scars,
Defending well the stripes and stars.
Each scar is as an open mouth,
Witness to treason of the south.

With eloquent, impressive tongue,
Tuned to liberty's great song—
Their wounds, my country, are for thee—
That every star is now so free.

And thine escutcheon bears no blot,
For they o'erturned rebellious plot.
Long may they gather round camp-fires,
And children see the worthy sires.

As patriots at Bunker Hill,
Who gave to Webster such a thrill,
As at their forms his eye was cast—
Brought words that ne'er have been
surpassed.

Grand as their imagery and scope,
With historic fact, poetic trope.
We'll seek upon your forms to gaze,
And cherish in our hearts your praise.

We'll rear no column, like Titus,
Against Confederates that fight us;
For him the arch-spanned Appian way,
For Jewish captives came that day.

'Tis not the business of our braves,
Like Roman cohorts, to make slaves;
Wives welcome no girl-captive home,
As matrons did in ancient Rome.

'Twould not always to the owner bring
A blessing, like to Syrian king;
Their virtue shaded like their skin,
For slavery was a school of sin.

Although our feelings may be mute,
No lack of gratitude impute.
Birds have affection—e'en the stork
Loves her young. Thy false limb of cork

Makes us feel bad—out-done by bird
In love; was there no gushing word
Of praise, for those who firmly stood
In traitor day to stem the flood?

Nor are we in the gain; chief race
For African has found a place
Where shackles need no longer gall,
Nor white man push him to the wall.

But there went forth the Messers Sharp,
Not for the music of Æolian harp,

But to follow up the bugle sound
Where war and carnage will be found.

The single one who left the mill,
A soldier's grave was called to fill ;
Young man, robust and in his prime ;
The others now are touched by time.

Two brothers leaning on their canes
Show war has left its wounds and pains ;
Missles fled past the Bros. Swart,
Yet both, at last, have met a dart.

So nobly they received their scars
In pulling down the rebel bars,
At home let down the bars for cows,
But now to silence Southern rows.

Safer to manage a few kine
Than bugle call to fall in line ;
Easier to repair the old worn fence,
For soldiers duties are immense.

But in that family another brave,
Found in wilderness a common grave ;
Gathered with others in a trench,
Storms will level, the rain will drench.

But we recall the simple story,
Life entitled to some glory ;
If no column makes him famous
Engraven on our hearts is Amos.

Happy to leave both friend and foe
When guarded by a sure furlough ;
Too short—was only for two weeks
Although great happiness bespeaks.

Mercy is in the document,
Homeward the soldier's steps are bent :
Thinking of the welcome greetings,
More intense than lovers meetings.

Safely reaches Smoky city ;
“Home sweet home” is still the ditty ;
Can I reach my former pastor—
He will help me for the Master.

Thus he mused upon that day ;
Sadness of heart still held its sway.
Preacher was not then in his place,
And never more beheld his face.

The friend was welcomed by his wife,
For kindly deeds adorned her life ;

I'm happy now the work is done
A mission for the oldest son.

The carriage and the well known poney,
Took him o'er the road both rough and
stony ;

The mud oft as thick as jelly,
Like soldier-charge, goes little Nelly.

The clay stuck fast, so full of lime ;
In vain they tried to make good time ;
No monument was in that plaster,
Scaree for marble, stone or alabaster.

On memory the image cast,
For life will its impressions last,
And thought will oft the mind invade
For worthies in the trenches laid.

Increased desire to see his home,
To catch a glimpse of court house dome ;
His heart revives if o'er the hill,
He nears his home, though distant still.

'Tis yet twelve miles to ten-mile creek,
A healing balm for heart homesick ;

He longs like one not free from harm
For steam and rail to reach his farm.

Reminds one of a braggadocia
On banks parallel from Scotia;
After storm, speaks of cowardice—
To us assigned a heavy slice.

But we revealed his anxious care,
The offer made for railroad fare;
Then captain to the rescue came—
Commander put the bluff to shame.

Heroes are always found in travel,
Were glad when Capt. brought down the
gavel;
But home was the desire of Amos,
Never anxious to be famous.

Returns again to stormy front
To bear again the battle blunt;
Sad the news of the persistent fire
When e'er long the trench covers hus-
band—sire.

A grand and unassuming man
(7) Unknown to any devious plan;

A model husband, father, friend;
To friends this tribute we extend.

From hence our story still is darker—
First to return was Captain Parker;
'Twas by exposure, we are told,
The Captain took his fatal cold.

We saw him on the bed of pain,
When human aid was all in vain;
Man of more than common power,
Companion for a pleasant hour.

Then in the service were two sons,
With no epaulette, but trusty guns;
True to duty—not known to shirk—
They both returned to farmers' work.

We write from memory alone—
May we no worthy one disown;
If our knowledge is defective,
Treat us kindly when detective.

Heroic acts should ne'er o'er look,
Will give them in the Annals book;
Bind their brows with laurel blossoms,
Like they dwell in many bosoms.

Sable seems Village Souvenir,
A tribute that has little cheer;
Mentor of our country's quarrel—
'Tis like willow or the laurel.

In capital dome there are war panels—
Show scenes like Amity Annals;
Annals and volunteers appear;
When blended, "Village Souvenir."

Mementoes mark some spots on earth,
They tell of men of greatest worth,
Our only tribute this small book—
'Tis little like the meadow brook.

Yet speaks of men of noble grade,
That should not pass into the shade
Without a record of the facts,
Or laurel wreath for noble acts.

FLOWERS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Welcome flowers from many a sacred spot,
Are sweet reminders of historic truth;
Divine events that ne'er should be forgot—
Those Bible lessons of our early youth.

The predecessors of these little gems
Have met the gaze of ancient priest and seer;
And regal hands have broke their tender stems,
That queens in wreaths of glory might appear.

These pressed flowers on their slender stem,
By name, Adonis, or the Pheasant's eye,
Like "Rose of Sharon," are from Bethlehem;
The Lily of the Valley is near by.

Likewise from Mount Olivet comes another,
Which was kindly sent us by a brother;
"And thou, Olivet, dear honored spot,
Thy fame and wonders shall ne'er be forgot."

The rose and lily, emblems of our king,
In Judah's village of prophetic name,
Whose glory Jewish bards were wont to sing,
And prophets "Mighty Counselor" proclaim.

Like a stem of wheat, ne'er bound in sheaves,
 We see a willow branch with five green leaves;
 On limbs beneath Euphrates shade and breeze
 Captive Jews hung their harps on willow trees.

Unlike Æolian strings, they silent hung,
 And ev'ry voice and chord refused a song;
 Depressed, they could not sing them the
 Lord's song
 When sad, in a strange land, to Pagan throng.

These bright roses, with leaves but gently
 curled,
 Unvail their pretty buds to all the world;
 Judean lily and Sharon rose,
 Their blooming beauty to mankind disclose.

The color, new from artist cranium,
 Is not the equal of geranium,
 Whose scarlet buds and petals red,
 Are from the mount where Jssus bled.

The bright yellow flower on marigold,
 Its most beauteous colors does unfold;
 Emblem no party anger e'er begets,
 With kindly message, peace from Olivets.

The beautiful, sweet scented mignonette,
With raspberry scent, the Frenchmen's
darling,
As if to turn the path from all regret,
And make Marah sweet in hour of snarling.

Then we see the blossoms of the heather
On Scottish border, where brave clans,
Who, with their chieftains, used to gather
For freedom, to defend their country's plans.

On the other Isle appears the Shamrock,
The emerald of the Celtic nation;
Emblem borne in many a battle shock,
Bravely seeking to regain their station.

These pretty Judean plants in bud or bloom,
Wafting their sweetness o'er the verdant sod,
More beautiful than gift of Persian loom,
Perfuming paths where Prince of Peace
once trod,

Are fit gifts from one who loves flowers,
Opening a source of beauty and of health
That on "Twin Cities" bestows choice bowers,
In conservatories of floral wealth.

We prize mementoes more than other goods;
From Olivet, the mount our Savior trod,
Were sent to us these pretty little buds,
Where oft he held communion with his God.

THE SUGAR CAMP.

I.

Winter with some features sad and dreary
Shades the mind with gloom; of it we weary.
Time speeds onward; with every howling blast
His wing upbears it to the ocean past.
It has its joys when the season of snow
Brings to young hearts an exuberant glow;
'Tis when sleigh and bells, whose merry jingle,
All speak pleasure for the young and single.

II.

Offering fun in play or whirling dance,
Bring beau and belle within each others glance;
In swift gliding sleigh by light of the moon,
The pleadings of love that ask for a boon.
The smile of assent evident rapture
Will speak of a mind yielding to capture.
Warm are those hearts that freely commingle,
Riding in frost that makes the nerves tingle.

III.

When no leaves are found on shrub or on tree,
Yet friendship may thrive and lovers agree.
Winter has bright rays not all filled with gloom ;
Has social fruits—it may yield bride and groom.
It offers sources of frolic and fun—
The party, the charade, the play and the pun ;
Singings and spellings, all the night meetings,
Give to love culture, open its greetings.

IV.

Yonder in grandeur stands the sugar camp,
Stript of its robes, made bare to frost and damp ;
Concealed the sap to benefit the store,
Till winter's blast shall pass it safely o'er.
Storehouse of verdure, in those hidden roots,
Cling to the treasure till upward it shoots,
Scattering new life by thy glowing sap,
Refreshing branch and exuding from tap.

V.

The warm shining sun and keen frosty night,
Prepare the sap for a rapid spring flight ;
The heat and the frost in light and in dark,
Compelling the sap to flow from the bark,
Setting the camp in wildest commotion,

Awakening a novel devotion;
Seeking for pleasure in silvan work,
Mid bowers where sin or serpent may lurk.

VI.

Neglected are the barrels, kettles, tools;
As yet no order reigns. There's one who rules;
To him they come with auger and with spiles;
Their haste and flurry now engender smiles.
He who directs will not allow them shirk;
Lays down a guiding plan; gives all their work.
The barrels prov'd, the broken hoops replaced,
Each tool is scanned and every want is traced.

VII.

New troughs and spiles, with other things,
supplied;
The old sled in the bars and runners tried;
And camp arranged as for a mighty siege,
For sweets they have united in a league.
To tap both tender trees and kindly hearts,
With augers sharp and still far keener darts.
Love and sugar are the rural staples,
Prizes from sweet maids and verdant maples.

VIII.

Inches below the bark they quickly bore,
Down through the rings into the inner core;
Then springs the sap 'tis but a feeble stream.
Yet don't think lightly of our chosen theme.
For greater may that nectar flow appear,
In some days hence, the sugar camp to cheer.
The bee from flower to flower will daily roam.
That he may find his food, and build his home.

IX.

See yon large furnace built of stone and bricks,
To it they bring the pile of seasoned sticks.
The fire burns free with a bright rising blaze,
And soon molasses will reward their gaze;
To cheer the farmer with the earliest crop
That spring in kindness on his path may drop;
To give him hope ere any seed be sown,
That early grain may wave and grass be-mown.

X.

The birds are back—the early bobolink;
Perches on fence and at the troughs will drink;
Charms every one with its delightful song,
Soon other songsters all the woods will throng.

Until songster voice and flower scent,
And nature's choral to its joys give vent,
As if for man to beautify the season,
To win praise and satisfy his reason.

XI.

The squirrel in his coat of gray or black,
With capering bound will cross our evening
track;
And the chipmonk then running o'er the rails,
Fleeing from a foe, with terror quails.
Is it that man is bad, or he knows guilt,
For corn with which his store was built?
Hastens away, the fearful little bunny,
His ways are cute, his tricks are very funny.

XII.

Look at the kettles and their dense vapors,
Then note youth, mark all their strange capers;
Joyous young men, the lively young maidens,
With music of heart better than Hayden's,
Forgetting the kettles, cast not a gleam,
With love they are taken, watch not the steam;
Look to the eyes that return a fond glance;
They are alone, which their joy will enhance.

XIII.

They stir the water, constant vigil keep,
With hours on eagle-wings, they need not sleep.
They hear the screeching of the gloomy owl,
The watchdog's distant bark or nearer growl,
Feel no gloom, those hearts with love
 entangled;
Were never crushed, nor by sorrow mangled,
They feed on air borne up by constant hope,
And think with ills successfully to cope.

XIV.

The water now—thin and clear molasses—
Quite soon they'll have sugar in brown masses.
Remove that made, and fill again the pans;
Successful work, likewise their cherished plans.
They've pass'd the night, yon eastern streak
 of dawn,
Prophetic of the early breakfast horn.
From day to day they found the same employ.
All, from master, yea, down to stable boy.

XV.

Soon the trees will stop their bounteous flow,
And to other work every one must go;

Through the run they have been freely toiling,
Making much sugar by constant boiling;
Now they must close their work, break up the
camp,
Silence their laugh and still the noisy tramp.
The visitors found in love sweet nectar,
Mem'ry shall be this camp's respector.

XVI.

And should it prove productive of great good,
That sweets arise, not from the trees that stood,
But from those hearts that beat in maple grove,
Asking not sugar, but for constant love;
Bid us to muse with ready pen and voice,
Express our praise of camp, with them rejoice,
And seek nature's fruits of various vines,
Dedicate to love unassuming lines.

XVII.

There is a pride of place. The city folks
On country people pass with glee their jokes
At times; the matter with vim is reversed,
And many city blunders are rehearsed.
We have a point in view—a city man,
Seeking maple sugar, then formed his plan;
With haste began to work, but soon a breeze
O'er hill from slander came while at the trees.

XVIII.

'Tis said he assailed a large walnut tree
And the sap ran out, inspiring great glee;
The joke on rapid wing with prying haste,
Quicker than the deer by hunter chas'd;
The blunder in strong light by gossips placed,
Each tattler's story with additions graced;
Nor did it cease, it often met his ears,
Unwelcome episode for many years.

XIX.

'Tis told on Sunday that he shut the spiles,
That it might rest next day. These were their
 guiles,
Which rise from envy, who's his detector;
Tell if piety, or to save the nectar,
He would not do evil though it be small:
Envy prompted the joke, mingled with gall.
'Tis better for him to bear it with ease
For children and fools the story will please

XX.

Story which often made a laugh,
We give the grains without the chaff,
That pleas'd you when the tale was new,

We hope the rhymes will meet view
His sermons are long forgotten,
And sheltering trees are rotten,
Many honored heads laid low,
But on its way the tale will go.

XXI.

Some people prize a little mirth;
Yes, more than anything on earth;
In church they meet you with a joke,
Many a solemn thought is broke,
For fun is their besetting sin,
And to out-wit and take you in
Is more to them than earthly gain—
Our story is their great refrain.

XXII.

Love neighbor as self is the rule,
Then be a butt of ridicule;
Nor never from the jester run
While you can yield a little fun;
Then add your might to human weal,
Although yourself may badly feel.
The rule has through the ages stood
Martyrs must be for others good.

XXIII.

In early spring when planting corn,
Just at the time of breakfast-horn,
There was a scramble with the boys;
A silver crop was thair surprise.
Beneath the place where school-house stood
Down in the yellow, upturn'd mud,
As if it were a little mine,
Roll'd out a bunch of spanish coin.

XXIV.

There was vacation for scholars,
To work for dimes—not for dollars,
And small the pay of farming men,
They turned the soil and looked again.
Then they found more hidden treasure;
Each discov'ry gave them pleasure,
Greater than grab-bag in church fair,
And 'tis more honest, sound, and square.

XXV.

The men because of extra strength,
Extending arms of mammoth length,
Gave to the boys but little chance;
Made them mad, and their fiery glance

Told of wrongs they'd not endure;
That a just share they must secure;
Take each other by the collars:
"You have got my silver dollars."

XXVI.

Busy bees when making honey
Cannot rival men for making money.
Every power to it they give,
As if by bread alone they live;
Dollars to them are present toys,
Exchanged for nobler earthly joys;
Or may be for higher pleasure,
Even heaven's unfading treasure.

SCRUBBING THE ANGELS.

I.

For humor we need never search;
On every tree it finds a perch;
In form and garb oftimes so queer,
Yet human hearts 'tis sure to cheer.

II.

Hood's scrubbing match on Blackimore
(9) Made him no whiter than before;

'Twas wasted labor, brush and soap
Vain task without one beam of hope.

III.

And we saw angels garbed in soot,
All blackened o'er from head to foot;
On each side the temple portals,
Standing guard on erring mortals.

IV.

There comes two women, pious Poles,
No levity is in their souls;
Business-like they go to scrubbing,
Cleaning cherubs by hard rubbing.

V.

Angels, not men, are in the suds;
Women has found superior goods.
Mercy, alas! see if she halts
When dealing with angelic faults.

VI.

Since we wrote this little ditty,
Smoke was banished from the city,
Sky was made clear by burning gas,
Angels were clean when'er you pass.

VII.

Now they are guards o'er a new church,
Hence for a moral we may search;
There's something in environment,
With sin none should experiment.

VIII.

But keep away from all the clouds,
Which drape sin in sable shrouds,
The gas will fail, the smoke return,
And mill and house the coal must burn

IX.

Then owing to this dreadful lack
The men and angels will be black;
Those earthly angels we adore
On whom we place each sinful score.

X.

When taken off our own shoulders,
Though they be like mountain boulders,
The women still must bear the blame;
The odium from Adam came.

'TIS NOT ENOUGH.

Missions are a blessed cause,
Revealing God's most righteous laws,
When bringing back his erring ones,
And calling sinners to be sons.

'Tis the Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Wraps in the banner of his love
The prodigal on his return,
And makes his heart new raptures learn.

Yea, whosoever will may come,
The welcome is to God and home.
From north and south, from east and west,
He calls them to the heavenly rest.

Jezebel made Elijah flee,
"Enough!" was then his earnest plea;
On troubles we are apt to brood,
And join him in his gloomy mood.

Had Heber only sought a name,
One hymn secured a lasting fame;
'Twas "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"
Glory came like gushing fountains.

Pagans, though debased and rough,
Whose wants declared it not enough,
They called him from his native land
To labor on the coral strand.

More instances we need not cite
Of soldiers who endured the fight;
Like them, let's win or meet rebuff,
Until the Master says, "enough."

FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

In the window place the flowers,
To beguile the passing hours;
Let their fragrance fill the room,
Wafted from each flower in bloom;
For they will bind us in a spell,
Like beauty of a reigning belle,
And paint their colors on the eye,
Impressive ministers of joy,
With warbling bird's entrancing song
They will our sense of joy prolong.

While for a time they thrive in light,
Those colors now so fair and bright
Soon fade away, emblem of man;
They leave in spite of every plan.

So fades the human form divine,
Then wisdom is our richest mine.
Is there in them one emblem rose,
Maiden? On promise then repose,
For joy the future will disclose.
Oh, wear it for the promise sake,
Nor think the bond will ever break.

THE MITE SOCIETY.

Do you need some hours of pleasure?
Are you seeking social treasure?
Attend the mite society;
Enjoy its cheerful piety.

The beaming smile—the friendly shake
From all moroseness then awake;
Join in the prayer and song of praise,
And fill life with more joyous ways.

Prepare the field for harvest sickles,
Sustain the laborer with your nickles,
For if you cannot spare the dimes,
Please give the cents, but give oftentimes.

Remember how the widow's mite
Was greatest gift in Jesus sight;
Despise not day of smallest things.
The bee bears sweets on tiny wings.

How very small are Sol's bright beams,
Which all the world from night redeems
Small coral do the islands rear,
Dew-drops, the earth revive and cheer.

Small is the grain upon the shock
And small the fold. The little flock
That found the shepherd's gracious care,
To him with tributes then repair.

The meeting with its social charms
Dull care with all the train disarms,
World may give progressive euchre
For mere pleasure or for lucre.

Princes may play the baccarat
And bank the cash for cheating bet;

Without evading human rights,
We can bestow our honest mites.

By mirthful laugh and pleasant jest
From business cares find welcome rest,
In religious ways of pleasure
Take its joys in time of leisure.

MODERN MISSION WORKERS.

In brightness like electric lamp,
Shines female vignet through the camp;
With a new force unknown to men,
Presents a sun to human ken;
Whose moral rays reach eastern strand,
And light is seen in sunrise land.
Soon Pagan temples are o'erthrown,
The rightful Master claims his own;
The lost are found.

Woman aroused, now intercedes;
With pen and voice the cause she pleads;
Dives' wealth nor Esau's pottage,
Bribe of palace nor of cottage,

Can stay her work. A nobler aim,
Than either lust of wealth or fame,
Present her in a better sphere,
Where female talents may appear,
And bless the world.

From Pagan chaos thence arise
Churches and schools, a great surprise;
Heathen laws may bid defiance,
But in God is their reliance.
Their work is not for earthly wealth,
They show the fount of moral health,
Confucius, Brahma, long esteemed,
O'ercome by Christ and men redeemed
Through his own cross.

Why over all creation roam,
And leave undone the work at home?
Slaves of sin make constant rally;
Sinners in each street and alley—
Go rescue them, unloose their chains;
Our Lord no erring child disdains;
Whatever sinful path he trod,
The Shepherd calls him back to God;
Come unto me.

Why quarrel with the foreign work?
Would Christ exclude a Greek or Turk?
No; Jew or Gentile he makes free;
Jewry, Samaria, Galilee;
Atoms in the great commission;
All the world is the condition,
Exclusiveness brings disaster;
Seek all men, obey the Master,
For his "well done."

God, who guides the universal helm,
Sends to many a distant realm—
Tidings from his glorious throne,
That our redemption may be known
By worlds whose anthems will arise;
At love displayed below the skies.
In the old, old gospel story,
Which will swell the strains in glory,
Of voices sweet.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

In infancy the tale we heard,
That each speech and flattering word
Had magic that was not our own,
But came from kissing blarney stone.

Eight days from city of New York,
A jaunting car we found in Cork;
Then wending way o'er a smooth pike,
We glided past each hedge and dike.

Jehew told of his daughter,
In our country o'er the water,
Hibernian love for Green Isle
Could not all his grief beguile.

Strange were the sights upon the road,
Queer was each equipage and load;
Nor did we meet a city flunky
But kindred, many a donkey.

Some times long ears in a cart,
Then without wheels he'd bear his part;
Two heavy packs and little ones,
Riding in triumph o'er the stones.

The man found solace in his pipe,
Then swigs of whiskey made him ripe
For witty speech, and scraps of song,
Or Erin tales, that memory throng.

His poverty might win your pity,
To join him in sorrow's ditty;
Childlike he soon forgets the ills,
Each day with mirthful joy he fills.

Wife is knitting husband's stocking,
Her tale of scandal is so shocking;
'Tis not like dull knitting needles,
But keener than parish beadles.

She's homeward bound to pigs and fleas,
Their want of food she will appease;
For pigs, potatoes yield their skin,
Her own for fleas is not too thin.

Her friendly cow, with pig and goat,
Their sounds with chanticleers may float,
Disturbing yankee traveler,
Whose nerves make him a caviler.

Loudly at times his swineship squeals,
Then like enemy, shillalah feels;

When quiet is again restored,
And morpheus once more adored.

Freedom reigns in Irish cottage,
With sea-weed and potato pottage;
'Tis meager fare beneath that thatch,
But outside hangs the string of latch.

Food brought them by the rolling surf,
And fire from the black bogs of turf;
Lazy as Indain or Turk,
Potatoes are his greatest work.

On our way to Castle Blarney,
Pools we found like lakes Killarney;
Beauty in cheeks, like June roses,
Sparkling eye where love reposes.

For woman's beauty and man's wit,
Graceful, like swan, which on water sit,
Shed, like the bird, their precious down,
When radiant face removes each frown.

The mirthful soul is always full,
By seizing every Irish bull;
The dismal clouds it surely breaks
For grandeur like Killarney lakes.

At last we reach the porter's lodge,
Pretty keeper could not dodge;
Long had formed her cherished plans,
Waiting for us Americans.

The entrance tips we can't evade,
For blarney a reward is paid;
Smooth-talking keeper is so kind,
With Celtic wreaths our hearts to bind.

For each there was an emerald,
As oily words our gloom dispelled;
For gentleman a double share,
Because she thought the purse he bare.

In warning she was not alone—
Don't let him kiss the blarney stone;
So fine a gentleman would be a loss,
If he no more the ocean cross.

We passed o'er the dry moat,
Where geese and swan were want to float;
'Tis long since it was a defense,
And foes crossed it at great expense.

All that we see is now a wreck,
Like ship with broken sides and deck,

Torn by powerful cannon balls,
Remains for view dismantled walls.

Upon it Cromwell left his mark,
When out upon his Irish lark,
Pulling down to upturn the pope
Was his great aim and sanguine hope.

Once those were halls of lovely pomp,
Where beau and belle enjoyed a romp.
Intrigues were made in that dark fort
Of war and love—a dark court.

Cavalier would unsheath his sword
At any glance or saucy word,
When just returned from the crusade,
From holy sepulcher with blade.

For insult he sought no repeal,
But probed it with Damascus steel;
Was in that day a case of honor,
Unlike the work of Dan O'Connor.

But what about the Blarney stone?
Four feet from top stands out alone;
Just measures the same distance down—
'Tis reached by antics of a clown.

Head goes down—they hold his heels
Until his lips the cold stone feels;
For men in all their kissing tracks
Must pay for their delicious smacks.

And if he should slip from their hands,
The hour-glass loses all its sands.
To such whims no one should carter,
And to Blarney be another martyr.

On upper stone find substitute.
Its Blarney strength who can refute;
May to wife be like typewriter,
For the wrong she'll some day fight her.

Adieu, Castle, ivy, shamrock;
Around thee birds of song may flock.
On ruins we no more shall gaze;
Thrush and nightingale will sing praise.

THE PIG IN THE POKE.

Our subject is a standing joke,
Challenging each human venture;
Its utterance will mirth provoke,
Cancel sorrow's strong indenture.
'Tis wisdom's saw of ancient sage,
Rich like an egg with double yolk;
A popular and lasting rage,
One whose magic is only broke
When the big pig jumps from the poke.

II

Then uncle Sam has pigs and pokes,
And cribs supplied with ample corn;
The pigs squeal at the heavy strokes,
As by each party they are shorn.
Immense pokes are their conventions;
They shake to find the nominees.
Platforms hold the good intentions,
Election gives honors, and fees
Pulls the fat pig out of the poke.

III

O, pity now the yankee pig
(11) That has so roused the Dutchman's ire;

Closed every hatch of ship and brig
In all the Kaisar's great empire;
Hurling edict at trichina,
To us a most expensive joke;
Scaring Biddy and black Dinah,
Binding our commerce with a yoke,
Killing our pet pig in the poke.

IV.

One hog in millions there may be,
Socialist and dynamiter;
Then fry him well; he will be free,
It will kill the insect fighter.
As the frying pan sounds louder,
It will end the trichina's rage,
And reduce him to a powder,
Cremate him in his narrow cage,
To let the pig out of the poke.

V.

Fink's lab'ratory full of pokes,
In room o'er engine throttles,
Made quickly by the busy folks
To encase his magic bottles.
Smell essences of strong perfume;
Do they come from early roses?

Or like an ancient magic boom,
Opposing the miracle of Moses,
That lets the pig out of the poke.

VI.

See in that plant are winning girls;
He must be morose or tragic,
One to be numbered with old churls
Who can't see their smiling magic.
There's magic in a woman's eye,
A force beyond the power of man,
A tear, a sob, a heavy sigh
Or look, may carry out her plan;
Quickly seize the pig in the poke.

VII.

The Kaiser has let go the hog,
Good advice at last has taken,
And freed the crown from German fog,
To admit the Yankee bacon.
The magic man forsakes the poke,
And substitutes a strange cartoon,
As if to overthrow our joke,
And hide his oil like a treed coon.

VIII.

They are bags—not cartoons of Nash,
And seem to be of stiff pasteboard;
Nor made with one artistic dash,
In which oil is safely stored.
He still offers a good bounty,
That his great cure may bring back chink,
To new agents in each county,
For spreading the boon of Dr. Fink.

THE DIXIE MULE.

I.

Developed force in the new South,
Great lever of the Freedman's power;
The mule, whose wide extended mouth
Sends melody through glen and bower.

II.

'Tis ancient story of the East
Gives a prophet's theme of gladness,
To cursing turned, had not a beast
Stopped him in his greedy madness.

III.

Angel and donkey there combine
To arrest him in his folly;
Woman, our angel we entwine
In fresh wreaths, outlasting holly.

IV.

An ebon angel and a mule
Are the princes of King Cotton;
They lift his scepter, bear the rule,
When slavery is forgotten.

V.

Cotton may change with fancy charm,
And swan-like swim in broader pool,
Enriching forty-acre farm,
Rewarding planter and his mule.

VI.

The southern mule, often cranky,
Will take to master, brown or black;
But has no use for stirring Yankee,
Nor will he bear his cowhide crack.

VII.

The mule is bondsman for the lease;
Lifts freedman o'er Georgia cracker;

Let enemies hiss like the geese,
Sambo is king with such a backer.

VIII.

His rights must come in spite of all;
Onward the ebon empire rolls,
Though carpet-bagger meet a fall,
Or traitor fights Sam from the polls.

IX

If reb does not quench his fury,
The long lane must have a turn;
Negro will rule upon the jury,
The autocrat will soon discern.

X

“A man’s a man for all that,”
Proved himself a man though black,
For freedman has upset the fat
When war gave him the inside track.

XI

Grateful for northern bravery,
Removing all the cruel bars,
Giving death blow to slavery
Beneath the banner of the stars.

XII

With southern jeer and ugly scoff
Continued on through twenty years,
They claim the slave was better off;
He o'er lost bondage sheds no tears.

XIII

The South now sees a better day,
No wealth in all their dirges found;
To fight the freedman does not pay,
They find more profit in the ground.

XIV

Happy forty-acre farmers,
Driver plays—no longer shinnies—
In wedlock they hold their charmers,
Sure they own the picaninnies.

XV

Now the cabin is their castle,
Domestic virtue to maintain;
With invaders they would wrestle
To death, if raider must be slain.

XVI

Inmates may be black, brown or yellow,
But in peace they eat their pottage;

Cupid dwells with every fellow;
Poets color love in cottage,

XVII

Some gentle voice may tell us hush;
Let words be clean as from the fullers,
And picture be from fancy's brush;
Truth tells who mixed the colors.

XVIII

No Jeremiah bewails their loss,
Nor book of Lamentations found;
No dirges sung for whipping boss,
No sighs are heaved for lost blood hound.

XIX

It must be an ungrateful race
Not to cast back a wistful glance
On master's Swanee river place,
For Jonny cake, or hoedown dance.

XX

Their benefactor is the mule,
A worker in the family cause;
Helps farm for children when at school,
While dady's 'lected to make laws.

XXI.

Mongrel herd may be a kicker,
The driver need not seek the proofs;
Lesson taught in every dicker
By man and mule, keep from the hoofs.

SOAKING IN SUNSHINE.

This anecdote, from the New York *Tribune*, is as true to life as are Mrs. Dorothy Stanley's pictures:

“Hi, Jimmy; come down here; let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns.”

This from a ten-year-old street boy, standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie canal.

The person addressed was a fellow street boy standing on a raised foot-bridge over the same muddy waterway. He was no older than his companion, and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a pleasant look of contentment that old Horace might have envied. He stood upon the foot-bridge and answered:

“Naw; can’t; got ’t stay here.”

“Aw, come on down. What d’ye hang up there fur? Lots o’fun swinging ’round here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct, an’ then ride back on another. Aw, come on down.”

“Naw; can’t do it.”

“Why not? What yer wants ter fool ’round up there fur? Ain’t no fun up there.”

“Wal,” was the answer that Jimmy drawled out, with as solemn a face as a cadet on parade, “I can’t come down, nohow. I’ve got to stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin, so as I kin laugh when it rains.”

I.

In a town of empire state,
A small urchin found a mate;
Would not come at earnest call
After sunshine, view and all.

II.

Close to Erie canal bridge,
A foot-span, whose highest ridge
Gave a little “arab” perch
For a bright and sun-lit search.

III.

'Twas an independent venture,
Free from any gift indenture;
Society for fresh air
Did not pay for him one fare.

IV.

He gathered nature's treasures,
Forgetting boyish pleasures;
On sunshine was fully bent—
Air and light cost not a cent.

V.

Hello, Jimmy; come down here
On the bridge; it moves so queer,
Shakes, like butter in the churns;
Let's go with it when it turns.

VI.

'Tis a ten-year-old street boy,
Makes the well-known hello cry,
To a lad near his own age,
That in fun he would engage.

VII.

Lame, and leaning on a crutch;
Clothes with fringes, but not such

As tassels from a Persian loom ;
Only help for rag-shop boom.

VIII.

Answers, " naw," got 't stay here.
Come ; what d'ye hang up there ?
Pleading, kindly, " aw, come down,
Lots o' fun—better than town."

IX.

Says: " and we'll jump on a boat—
Then o'er aqueduct we'll float ;
Get ride back on another ;"
There's kindness of a brother.

X.

" Come down ; up there's no fun."
Still he basks in the bright sun,
Resting 'neath its welcome beams,
Drinking down its silver streams.

XI.

With face like cadet on parade,
Or of a more solemn grade ;
Then, as with a little shout,
" I can't dome down," drawled out.

XII.

For sun bath from feet to brow—
He says: “I can’t come down nohow,
I’ve got to stay up here and soak
In the sunlight,” like the oak;

XIII.

Whose leaves receive rays by scores,
So Jimmy bathed his pores.
Only sunshine for his pains,
“So he can laugh when it rains.”

XIV

Jimmy’s maxims are for life;
Foolish is the worldling’s strife.
Where are all the noble braves?
Cowards hide themselves in caves.

XV.

They in sunlight take no pride;
Darkness for the suicide;
Ambition brought the last moan,
Because he could not reach the throne.

XVI.

Like Jimmy’s friend, men call down
All that soar, by cutting frown

Or word. The only passes
Are shut to Mount Parnassus.

XVII.

Byron found the Scotch Reviews,
Passage to the mount refuse.
With giant strength he mov'd the stones;
Success for his care atones.

XVIII.

Sad was the fate of poet Keets;
Censure wove his winding sheets.
He lives, a name of beauty,
'Mid wreaths of love and duty.

XIX.

Jimmy's truth is for the ages;
Brightens the historic pages.
The great and good are its sunshine,
Sparkling stones from richest mine.

XX.

Diogenes, seated in his tub,
Gave Alexander a stroug rub;
When asked "what shall I do for you,"
Answered, "get out of my sun-light view."

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

The following beautiful poem, by Rev. W. H. Phipps, was written for and read at the wedding anniversary of Rev. H. G. G. Fink and his wife. It was read, on the occasion, by the pastor of the church,

R. W. ANTHONY.

We come to celebrate, with family of Fink,
Anniversary—time quick, like skater in the
rink,
That glides around the room, and meets us
soon again,
Freighted with messages of pleasure or of pain.
This couple, glancing back o'er many years
they've pass'd,
Remember bright skies, with few clouds
overcast.

“Life was worth the living,” path with thorns
and roses;
See feathers long, on which itinerant reposes,
Flowers softened bed, and covered up the
thorns;

And morning glories beautified the early
morns.

Then the church and ministry employed their
powers,

Seeking Israel's lost sheep filled their wakeful
hours;

Grieved to hear the prayer, "Give our pastor
souls for hire,"

When there was neither meal for bread or
wood for fire.

Better to have prayed that God send his
ravens,

As children could not eat buckwheat straw and
shavings.

At the parsonage there were often light pick-
ings,

But at members' homes were found pies and
chickens.

When brooding o'er poverty, 'twould make
them murky,

Until called out to feed on cake and turkey.

Why think of hardship in the years that have
flown,

Or imagine, in darkness, God left them alone?

When the clouds stood above them, exceedingly
ly dense.

'Neath the rock they found shelter—a place
of defense.

Now they review the years which have silver-
ed their brows,

Calling back the good times when they plight-
ed their vows;

With a bloom upon cheeks and a sparkle in
eyes,

A matter of love, they rejoiced in their prize.
Like soldiers, they will think of their youth-
ful campaigns;

Which a faithful memory in grandeur retains.

But there are pleasures only for advancing
age;

They come on interesting book's successive
page;

What joys, like those of father and of mother-
hood

None know, but those who in paternal place
have stood.

We've watched ebullitions of a father's joy,
When first declared the father of a girl or boy;
And a mother's interest will that weal outrun;
Maternal love exceeds all else—can't be

(13) outdone.

It would be treason to nature—base sedition,
If we were not to welcome each new edition;
And with greatest interest watch these open-
ing buds,

Then to value them more than richest India
goods.

For great is the worth of these domestic flow-
ers,

More beautiful than rose vine on our outside
bowers.

But soon they occupy a place in man's estate.
How anxious are we that they may be good
and great.

Then the loving grandchildren flock around
our knees;

We tax our mental powers the little ones to
please.

O, have these friends broken from the gospel
traces?

'Tis true we now find them in magic places.

Was ministerial life so full of sadness?

Can they no longer praise Gospel oil of glad-
ness?

Yes; never mind the calumny of pious cranks;

Not lucre, but ill health led them from the
ranks.

To-night we'll use each mirthful joyous lever-
age,

And pledge their weal and health in Chinese
beverage;

As king and queen anoint with pleasure's magic
oil,

Rejoicing in their happiness from well earned
toil,

Hoping we all may witness many glad returns,
While brightest friendship's fire upon our
alter burns.

WE'LL BE BACK TO THE GROVE WHEN
THE DAISIES COME.

Without Bishop Dean of Canon,
Camp was formed at Castle Shannon;
Amid the oaks of ancient days,
Trees that met the Indian gaze;
Behind which they had drawn the bow,
We camped to meet a spiritual foe.

That grove, now Arlington by name,
Is closed to a religious fame.
This is a theme of times now past,
When on the waters bread was cast;
Two or five thousand heard the word
From preachers by the gospel stirred.

We now recall those blessed scenes
Where all enjoyed the Gospel means;
Old churches covered o'er with moss
Are always in the form of cross.
Why camp should Moslem sign present,
We know not, but 'tis a crescent,
Visited by dove and pigeon
Off' rings of an old religion.

The canopy no beauty claimed;
By no architect was it named.
Its days of usefulness ended,
In past history 'tis blended.
Cottages the circle enclose,
Whose name we find such as, "the Rose,"
Or other flower fancy found,
Added interest to the ground.
The open space, half circle form,
Adjacent groves shut from the storm.
'Twas when Tennesseans sang,
The loud African chorus rang,
And other choirs whose joyous song
The trees the echoes would prolong;
But there are those who could not sing
Yet all must some small tribute bring.
Such might a testimony give;
Alone by bread men cannot live;
But the same hand that feeds the bird
Feeds us upon the living word.

All had some gift, could burden bear,
If not in song, they could in prayer;
Before preachers were the masses,
Saints and sinners of all classes;
Inspiration of great numbers

Wakened men in sinful slumbers,
Yielding them to the Spirit's power,
Chose God's service in that same hour.
The parting lines we reproduce
Defend the cause without excuse.
We'll be back when the daisies come
From wanderings or from city home;
Groves so dear we now sadly quit.
Trusting Providence may permit
Early return to chosen grounds,
To hear again familiar sounds
Of speech divine, or warblers sweet,
Within our favorite retreat.

Thompson sings, "O spring, thy praises,"
And we gather up the daisies.
Song may be a poet's duty;
Ours to look on nature's beauty,
In vi'let, bluebell or primrose
By the rivulet, as it flows;
In meadows, that present to gaze
Flowers to make us choice bouquets.
The daisy may its peer outshine;
To some, outvie the dandelion,
A plant worthy of a ballad,
Its blanched leaves become salad,

And medicine is in its roots;
Raised in pots, its tender shoots
Afford the table early greens,
A harbinger of summer scenes.

Daisy obscure and neglected,
Like the sunflower now inspected;
By eyes of maiden and of child
For beauty and its fragrance wild.
Chosen by an aesthetic taste,
No longer does its grandeur waste;
Gathered from every open heath,
Increasing beauty by its wreath.
Adieu thou modest little herb;
Cold winter will thy roots disturb.
Like us thou'lt feel its stormy shocks,
While fortune may deal heavy knocks.
He who watches o'er the sparrow,
Turn aside each deadly arrow;
May the kind hand that reigns above
Bring men and daisies back in love.

A dozen years since this was written;
The frost has many daisies bitten;
Death has turned his envenom'd shaft,
And sad has been the mortal draft.

Writer has lost his bosom friend;
His tears with many other's blend;
For round the camp the angel pass'd
And sorrow in his path was cast.
Trophies they were of saving grace,
Which promises a better place;
With lives of men most beautiful,
To God in service dutiful.

Afflictions did remove the dross;
To them but gain, yet 'twas our loss;
Man is but grass, like daisy flower,
He finds life in God's own bower.

New developements in the ground,
For gas near by the camp is found;
Surface with willingness they spoil
Seeking for nature's stores of oil.

Men may rejoice in wealth too soon,
It does not always prove a boon.
Peace reigned—all were in amity;
Then came the great calamity:
At hour when cottagers retire,
Alarming was the cry of fire!
Soon all about were on the stir,

Seeing blaze on well register.
Neighbor, in haste, rode for the key,
Saved other houses all agree.
Women worked, and some prayed
The fierce flames might soon be stayed.
The course of wind was quickly changed,
Then furniture was re-arranged.

Prayer's answer, the pious say;
Safety came e'er dawn of day.
Some were sad, yet with thankful hearts
Were glad death brought no fatal darts.
Five cottages consumed by flames;
Some the best, but not mention names.

We'll visit 'gain when daisies come,
And call to mind the cottage home.

THE DOUBLE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Memory, with its pictures, throng
Life's annals, as they pass along;
When infant scenes of joyous days
Renew their zest on mental gaze;
Call up scenes of former gladness,
While forgetting those of sadness.
When injured pride, with great disdain,
"I'll never speak to you again."
For each quarrel a lesson teaches;
Forgiveness the parson preaches.
Were men so ready to forgive,
Then in a brotherhood we'd live.

The dolls and dishes of the girls,
E'en yet they'd learned to crimp their
 curls,
And all the toys of mimic homes
Are seen alike where'er one roams.
The whip and top, which circles 'round,
And ball, whose springing upward bound,
Rivets the boy's attentive eye,
His upward gaze toward the sky,
Will follow high his fluttering kite;

The kite—great harbinger of light;
Franklin obtained a ray so bright,
Which from our streets has driven night;
A power which girdles land and sea,
With nature's hidden treasures free;
To carry voice of swiftest thought,
Or steed like to a carriage brought,
Does move us with a rapid speed,
And will meet many another need.
The boy, when'er the string is tight,
Admires its altitude of flight.
Those plays in which we've taken part,
Bring juvenile joys back to the heart.
The girls arrange the china-ware,
And dress the dolls with greatest care,
Filling the time with sewing feats,
And other work their fancy meets.

The thoughts of school return again—
It's times of pleasure and of pain.
The master's reign—rattan and rule—
Are sad remembrances of school.
Those were cruel, burning stingers,
Brought across the palm or fingers.
The city monitor had power—
A tyrant for the lesson hour.

The country school, for boys and girls,
With sports, enjoyed by all but churls;
Those pretty faces now appear,
Call up some acts both kind and queer—
The struggles of heroic miss,
That fought one from a stolen kiss.
We need not tell tales out of school,
When silence is a better rule.

The boy will now become a swain,
The girls will new attractions gain,
And will now listen for the sound,
Footsteps that make the heart rebound.
'Tis a cruel beaux that can prolong
Anxious thoughts in the bosom throng.
Is there a rose without a thorn?
Must love be dreary and forlorn?
'Tis either jealousy or wrath
That places thorns in cupid's path.
At times 'tis merely lack of care,
Or test of love, not to impair
Attachment—but too great a risk;
A spot upon the sun's great disk.

This double anniversary day
Dull care should go, and all be gay;

The one event of cupid's spells
Is wedding-day, with cheerful bells;
Older than government—the rite
That binds two hearts in union tight.
Five olive branches in this case,
Around the cheerful hearth have place.
There's one a fine and ruddy bud,
Just blooming into womanhood;
Though gleaning not, like ancient Ruth,
May soon be found by daring youth.
But so the great command requires;
Only a coward that retires;
Slave to delusion or to power—
Stranger to the nuptial bower.

A rose is sweet by any name,
But with the title is the fame.
See the fervency of Hannah,
Like Israel, seeking manna.
Before the festive evening closes,
Take from me this bunch of roses;
A small tribute to the Hannahs,
Sweet as cluster of bananas.

A double birthday, said the card,
Occasion greater than the bard.

As plentiful as your dishes,
For your welfare are our wishes.
Turn every heart where friendship burns,
May union be with glad returns.

GOING INTO EXILE.

A lonely and, hitherto, uninhabited island, off the north coast of Cornwall, is shortly to become the abode of a gentleman whose only companion, in his seclusion, will be his brother. The island is only 250 yards long, and 60 yards broad, and is about two miles off the main-land. It is locally known as the "Gulland," from its being the habitation of large numbers of sea-gulls, and is the property of Mr. C. G. Prideaux-Brune, Prideaux Place, Padstow. Being quite exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic gales and tremendous ground seas, it is only in very exceptionally fine weather that a safe landing can be effected upon it.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

At human folly, grieve or smile,
Yet often cranks will find exile
In desert or on islet spot,
That earthly woes may be forgot.

Just two miles from the Cornwall coast,
A lovely island—scarce can boast
The impress of a human foot—
Where sea-gull, in his pomp, may strut.

An island now unknown to bards;
In length, two-hundred-fifty yards,
And only sixty is it broad—
Safety for sea-bird does afford.

Gentleman, sailing past in yacht,
Would envy bird, and covet that,
And be shut in by ocean gale,
Only to hear the storms sad wail.

A brother will companion be,
Mingling his voice with gull and sea;
Great task, to drive away the blues,
When angel visits men refuse.

Excuse us for a word of slang:
He's "gulled." Truly poet sang:
"Society, friendship and love—
Divine gifts"—we always approve.

Now they are busy on Gulland,
Seeking rock beneath the sand;

Blasting for firm foundation,
To secure a hermit station.

Twenty-one years runs the lease,
Disturbing plover and wild geese;
Joining in chorus of wild birds,
The cadence of sad, human words.

Full fury of Atlantic gales,
With tempest shock the isle assails;
No defense to give it shelter,
Each furious storm will pelt her.

Our exile tale has some love lore,
Or fruit is rotten at the core.
Like peach, unsound near by the stone,
That's stung in blossom when first blown.

The story, worthless as a myth,
If love's a stranger to young Smith.
His vulcan name, without a forge,
Like stream, that never knew a gorge.

A blacksmith's fire that ne'er made chains;
The flame where cupid never reigns.
No, we'll draw on fact and fancy,
Call his belle by name—"Nancy."

Then let the young man now confess,
He madly loved that governess;
Lovely in person, and in mind;
But friends for him an heiress find,

Which manly independence spurned,
If livelihood must yet be earned.
'Tis sad the change, from life of ease;
Yet should not mammon-god appease.

The isle belongs to Prideaux-Brune;
There is some rock, but more Sandune;
Only recluse would try to grab it—
Fit retreat for bird and rabbit.

Yet man invades that sad domain;
Hears ocean moan o'er little plain;
'Tis a strip so very narrow,
Sound will pierce both nerve and marrow.

Cabin fifteen by twenty-two—
A bride with great contempt would view;
These hermits do the truth disown—
“Not good for man to be alone,”

But our story has a sequel,
(15) Man loves, but where's the equal

Of the fond idol of his heart?
If lost, he sails without a chart.

We know not but bridal dress,
With some garments in the press;
Jewels on fingers, or in case,
Witness against opposition base.

We will hope, e'er many years are flown,
Turtledove may claim her own.
E'en ocean, after greatest rage,
Shows surface smooth as poet's page.

Winds make no Aeolian harps—
Let music be alone in sharps;
Sharp, like the filing of the saw,
Or tune no sweeter than jack-daw.

Let thoughts fly o'er two miles of sea,
And space of land, whate'er it be;
Or train some pigeons for the flight,
To carry message day or night.

Docile, like those we saw in Venice,
Knocking wheat, like players tennis;
Fed for the good ancestors done;
These fed for message, bright, like sun.

If 'neath the wave there is mermaid,
Now come at once to cupid's aid;
Bring from the depths the precious pearl,
A bridal gem 't regain the girl.

THE DOG IN CAMP.

At the Tarentum camp-meeting, which was held last August, on Sunday morning, during love-feast, a dog came into the congregation apparently seeking its master. After looking through the audience unsuccessfully he went to the stand and looked among the preachers for him. The incident suggested the thoughts following:—ED. *M. P. C. Herald*.

In camp, on a bright Sunday morn,
The sound of bell far off was borne,
O'er hills both rough and stony
A summons for testimony.

Object of the call—devotion,
To express the heart's emotion;
To praise our God whom sin remits,
For that and other benefits.

But there came one unlike we men,
With moral duty not in ken,
A noble, tidy looking dog,
Lost, like a ship, in densest fog.

Round the audience he gazes,
Came not for our Master's praises.
With out creating any storm,
Ascends the steps to the platform;

Looking out for his own master—
Left the place without disaster;
Saw him not in all the crowd;
Man of such worship should be proud.

And no one drove him from the stand,
His mute vespers seemed so grand.
Why should such a dog be kicked?
Noble dogs by Jesus picked

His kind parable to enforce.
Men may claim friendship until hoarse;
Exceeding noise of a fog-horn,
And let men perish all forlorn.

Lazarus by no one inspected,
Good Samaritan neglected;

For all were deaf and blind as logs—
Scripture tells of the dogs.

Dog looked like a St. Bernard,
Sung by many a gifted bard,
Whose mission in those Alpine snows
Was mercy, where wind terrific blows.

We've passed along their trodden path,
Thought of Napoleon and the wrath
That led him o'er perpetual snows
To Italy, to conquer foes.

Physicians in the hour of need,
Who humanely act and plead,
With prolific, ready balm,
Reducing fever, bringing calm.

Preacher used that canine act—
They, with the dog, should be, in fact,
Seeking at that hour the Master
With love, pure, like alabaster.

Beyond the reach of satan's tricks,
As Paul shook serpent from the sticks,
To kindle there a holy fire,
To burn away each base desire.

We sing—let all things praise the Lord,
And birds and beasts may strike the
 chord;
When horse and dog their master love,
Should lead man's thoughts to Him above

THE GIANTESS.

The lady stands like some majestic palm,
That sheds the fragrance of its scented balm
On every shrub and tree that waves below;
So maiden can her gracious smiles bestow;
Dropping her favors on the crowd beneath,
Like rose and laurel for a chaplet wreath.
While the narrative we are persuing,
Here present our heroine, Miss Ewing.

Wit makes a comic hit—we see it soon
On her picture at entrance to the show,
“I must make love to the man in the moon,”
Then looking up as if she'd freely throw
Her loving glances at its only man,
In silent world, without a marriage ban.
Ladies look high and think themselves in luck,
The sequel often proves they were moon struck.

We would advise the young aspiring lass,
To stoop and conquer, e'er many chances pass.
When men reach up to get a kiss or glance,
Distant enchantment will the thought enhance.
In looking down man loses as a churl,
Where upward look may win a stately girl.
At female view, coward only flinches,
Here's a lengthy one, eight feet two inches.

They say, she came of noble pedigree,
'Twas her ancestor made Kentucky free;
From Indian as sly as fox or coon,
Man and bear made room for Daniel Boone.
Sternly around, he elbowed out his room,
Descendant seeks it in an upward boom;
Not space for elbows, but her lofty crown,
Calmly on little mortals to look down.

Woman, your crescent thoughts are not in tune,
For Cupid cannot reach it by balloon;
If it could, there is no one to man it,
The dove spreads no wings in that lone planet.
No mates are there for either bird or man,
Love is excluded from the lunar plan;
Voice of song is not on plain or mountain,
Man nor bird sips at its gushing fountain.

Ella, with head erect toward the stars,
Seems lonely outside on the cable cars;
'Tis for safety of her head and bonnet,
Height for such guest, they never plan on it.
Beauty shown by carpenters and guilders,
Tall ceilings denied by Pulman builders;
Who never thought a woman's blissful cup
Would be made full by reaching higher up.

Height brings many blessings with its crosses,
A short man would compensate the losses;
We'll take a view of it in picking fruit,
And hope you'll harmonize like strains of lute.
Gathering mushrooms in the early morn,
Husband could have them by the breakfast
 horn;
A job for her too small; but the cherries
Without ladder picks, e'er he strawberries.

The matrimonial cost we may rehearse,
Of heavy drafts upon the husband's purse:
Delaines, cashmeres, furs, goods of costly ilk,
With double quantity of India silk.
For capes and gowns, bring home the tallest
 bills,
Emptying pockets and the saving tills.

Some wives take quite as much because rotund,
Matters not how they drain the hubby's fund.

The dress, whose size was never sung by bards,
Of silk or satin, takes just forty yards;
And we can scarcely tell about the shoes,
A glimpse of foot the lady must refuse.
Little things increase the cost in dollars,
The lace is quite an item in the collars;
Then there's the woolen and the silken hose,
And underwear we dare not here disclose.

In diversity of her exalted charms,
Ten feet will measure her extended arms;
The jeweler from stock can never bring
Ready on sight for her a wedding ring.
Sure he might suit the company of singers,
But her's would enclose three of their fingers.
If in anger on hubby falls that hand,
He'd drop beneath it like a magic wand.

There she is seated on the top of car,
Claiming a higher place than a stage star;
It certainly is fancy's well wrought picture,
Upon its truth we dare not make a stricture.
The crowd are amazed on her arrival,
(16)

Ready to praise woman's tall survival;
For, no doubt, in their enthused delights,
Would raise loud huzzahs for woman's rights.

Just in the bloom of youth, only eighteen,
Not long from school, but to New York has
been.

She's high enough or else we've blundered,
For the elite, the famous four hundred,
But rather than meet with serious tilts,
She will shy away from the Vanderbilts.
Bon-tons claim to be cast in better moulds,
So she leaves the track for the Railroad Goulds.

But there is one that's with her day and night,
More to be prized than the proud elite;
For the watchful love of a mother's care
Will joys and sorrows of the daughter share.
Yes, we all respond to maternal truth:
A love enjoyed by us all in youth;
It will touch any heart, not turned to steel,
Convicts in prison such emotions feel.

THE BARY AS SEEN BY GRANDPA.

The baby—little, cheerful thing,
Those pretty gestures see;
Up from the floor, down with a fling,
From danger seldom free.

The little hand with open palm,
Makes a curve like crescent,
Like as spice-tree exudes the balm,
Benefits all present.

Old batchelors can never find
Baby's sterling merits,
But all its friends can keep in mind
Goodness it inherits.

Sweet is the voice with mellow ring,
What can its cadence be?
The notes will change, that cry will bring
Mother to tune the key.

Maternal eye will soon discern,
Like bellman at the rope,

Where danger is, and feel concern
For this small twig of hope.

Refreshing sleep with its sweet dreams,
A legacy of toil;
'Tis midnight when the baby screams;
Then even tempers spoil.

If censure be the aim, how tart
Remarks on girl or boy;
Such are a grief to any heart
That loves the infant joy.

Truly baby is a kicker,
Fast speed its little feet;
Quick as any business dicker
Those kicks can it repeat.

A crying siege brings bad repute;
Ma sees no good excuse;
Pa speaks of teeth, or says 'tis cute,
Babe must not feel abuse.

For all offences old or new,
Grandpa is advocate;
With it in arms he will review,
And prove the babe first rate.

HERE COMES THE PREACHER.

Mamma, here comes the preacher,
Shouts the infant screacher,
As, just o'er the little knob,
The horse is seen to bob.

Then marm wonders what's for dinner;
No unfeeling sinner.
She's very kind to dominee,
That makes him feel so free.

While regretting her larder,
Makes the task much harder,
The bacon is rusty and old;
Too strong heated or cold.

Rather late to kill him a lamb,
There's bread butter and jam;
We say quite enough for a meal
Till the season of veal.

There's not a bit of dried beef.
The fowl gives her relief,
Though chickens are mere pullets
With extended gullets.

By being such busy croppers
Of flies and grasshoppers,
There's no sympathy in their strife—
Why then for chickens life.

She gathers up a good dinner;
Preacher like a sinner,
Or heathen esquimaux glutton,
Coat he must unbutton.

Dear Martha by her anxious care,
Unfits him for prayer.
To dull to plead before the throne,
Being out of pious tone.

We'll tell you what you won't believe;
What we could not receive.
Every man is fond of glory—
Husband told a story,

Of quick traveling when returning,
Willing to be learning,
Listened to his railroad travel,
Soon brought down the gavel.

Could accept forty miles an hour;
His was quicker power,

Forty miles a minute, nothing less;
An hour he'd not confess.

The mistake we wanted to refute,
Wife said give up the dispute;
Among all the bragadocia cards,
The largest of canards.

THE OIL EXCHANGE EMBLEMS.

This coat of arms the Oil Exchange adorns:
A bull and bear, with lamb for center piece;
Merchandise, wool, hair and bunt horns—
All sheeply innocence they lively fleece.

Three animals their prey, from hoof to hair;
Experts draw wool o'er eyes of simple men,
And feast on such, and say the meals are square;
Oil up or down, the bull or bear they pen.

From either side they squeeze the little lamb.
Men or fortunes are not worth a button,
For all are crushed within the surging jamb;
They gain the prize—beef, bear meat and
mutton.

The dry wells and gushers, their extensive span,
Give us market futures, either short or long;
Bring roguish traders under public ban,
And make men think the whole concern is
wrong.

But there are futures everywhere beside,
The anxious mamma, watching from the
beach
The bathing throng, would place a future bride
In social life where she can never reach.

The widow scaicely lays aside her weeds
Till radieut futures silver-line her skies,
Prophetic that she'll soon supply her needs,
And with a second choice the world surprise.

Nor free from futures are the sterner sex;
Their thoughts, like dove, go forth for
olive branch,
Whose doubtful mission does their minds
perplex
More wild than bull in oil or Texan rauch.

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